

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too: God keepe Lead  
out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I  
haue led my rag of Mussians where they are peperd: ther's not  
three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the cownes end, to  
begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* VVhat standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,  
Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the houres of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnrethengd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Furke  
*Gregory* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day.  
I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou gets not thy  
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

*The Prince drames it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prin.* VVhat is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way,  
so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Car-  
bonado of mee. I like not such grinning honour as *fr Walter*  
bath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes  
vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of  
Lancaster, and Earle of VVestmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too  
much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

*P. Iohn* Nor I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiesty make vp,  
Left your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*Ks.* I will doe so: my L. of *VVestmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the Fourth

The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,  
Where staynd Nobilitie lies troden on,  
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*Iohn.* Wee breathe too long, come cousin *Westmerland*  
Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come,

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, *Lancaster*,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;  
Before, I leu'd thee as a brother *Iohn*,  
But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;  
With lastier maintenance then I did looke for  
Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends metall to vs all.

*Doug.* Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the *Douglas* fatall to all those  
That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfeist the person of a King?

*King.* The King himselfe, who *Douglas* grieues  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,  
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes  
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field;  
But seeing thou fall'st on mee so luckily,  
I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare, thou art another Counterfeite;  
And yet in faith thou bear'st it thee like a King:  
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou bee:  
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head, vile *Scor*, or thou art lik  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits  
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,  
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,  
Who neuer promisseth, but hee meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas slieeth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?  
*Sir Nicholas Gansley* hath for succour sent,  
And so hath *Cliston*: lie to *Cliston* strait,

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while,

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